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THE AUTHOR:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FOR LITERARY WORKERS



BOSTON, MASS.:

VOL. I. No. 3. MARCH, 1889

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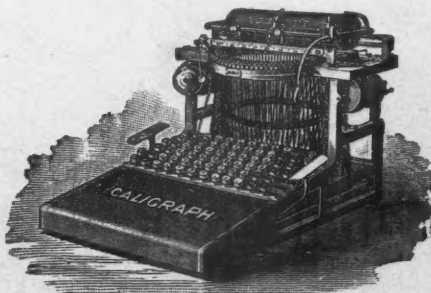
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A SUCCESSFUL WOMAN NOVELIST.

"Remember the Alamo," the latest of Mrs. Amelia E. Barr's novels, by some critics is considered her best work, although others still maintain that honor for "The Bow of Orange Ribbon," written two or three years ago. All of the volumes Mrs. Barr has published show an amount of research which would frighten the "geniuses" who just now "dash off" immorality so swiftly, and with such disregard of literary rules. For many years before she presumed to step into sight of the public and demand recognition as a novelist, Mrs. Barr was a conscientious, studious, and daily toiler in the hard school of newspaper and periodical work. Fully conscious of her own powers, she had no intent to exhibit them until she had gained by every means at her command the addition of grace, finish, and artistic beauty.

One of the most sunshiny women possible, enjoying gayety and mirthfulness with a keen zest, her work, — in other words, her real life, — receives the most profound consideration and serious care. It is first: to it all other things subserve; and the genial hospitality of her house is none the less appreciated because her guests are expected to recognize this fact, and to adjust themselves in accordance with it.

Until very recently, Mrs. Barr has been accustomed to enter her study very early in the morning, — usually by seven o'clock, — and to write or "read up," with slight interruption, until four or five in the afternoon; but lately, at the advice of her physician, she has regretfully given up the hours after midday to rest and recreation. When she has decided upon a subject, she devotes herself to its consideration in every possible aspect; thoroughly imbuing herself with its spirit, training herself to think as her characters are to do, and to live their lives. Having thus mastered her theme, her work is, practically, done; the putting a story on paper has become almost mechanical. She is a very rapid writer, and from the time she really takes up her pen till her typewritten copies are in the hands of her publishers only a few weeks elapse. She makes first rough drafts of her stories in a hand-writing nearly as legible as print, and from these is made the perfect "copy."

Mrs. Barr's advice to others entering upon a literary career is to be systematic and thorough. In genius she undoubtedly believes, but genius untrained and unrestricted is to her like an unbroken colt, — very beautiful and very useless. In speaking not long ago of her earlier efforts, Mrs. Barr recalled the continual "boiling down" to which she subjected them, believing that most women writers are too diffuse.

Sometimes, she said, she would write and re-write paragraphs as often as ten or twelve times; herself being so difficult a reader to please; and it is safe to say she lost nothing by this care-taking: her delightfully "easy-reading" pages are the sure result of such "hard writing."

The question whether so conscientious an author has made literature "pay" is easily answered in the affirmative. It is probable that ever since she began her work she has earned from it a fair support; and now, as should be, she reaps far richer gains. Her books are brought out in London, as well as in New York, and even run in serial form through some magazine, making three or four sales for one story. "Remember the Alamo" has been her most successful book financially, and its proceeds already equal those of all her other novels combined; but the fact that she no longer needs to write does not in the least affect this energetic woman's industry. "If I were worth millions," she says, in her own enthusiastic way, "I should write just as much as I do now."

The facts gained from this brief glance at one successful author are all encouraging to young writers. Literary work must be as thorough, as regular, as painstaking as carpentry. Though one can wield a pen or swing a hammer better when in the mood than when not, that fact must be accessory, not leading. One must learn to be thankful for "rejections," by which he is impelled to graver, braver effort; to be, of all his judges, himself the most severe. He is to remember that the mind which would feed others must itself be fed, and to give more hours to study than to expression; and, lastly, that to succeed one must be indomitable in purpose, caring first to produce good work, and sure that in these days of rich literary rewards such work will always "pay."

F. E. H. Raymond.

METHODS OF WRITING POETRY.

Quite a well-known author has recently declared his opinion that by the careful study of the mechanism of verse, and the rules governing it, any person of ordinary intellectual capacity could become a poet.

I differ from the learned gentleman. Very good

verse may be written in this way, if one has the patience to grind it out, but not poetry. We might as well say that any person can become a musical composer who learns the rules governing its construction.

Correct rhythm, and proper accent, and an ear for rhyming sounds must be born with the poet, or else he is no poet,—just as true time and a correct ear must be born with the true musician. Without these natural gifts, only second or third-class work can be achieved.

I had published three books of verse, and had maintained a livelihood by writing what my editors chose to call poetry for ten years before I understood what constituted a sonnet, or knew the meaning of the word "hexameter." Although I wrote verses at eight years of age, and was passionately fond of poetry, I found no interest in that part of my grammar dedicated to scanning lines and descriptive of different forms of meter. So I was absolutely without knowledge of any rules, save those my ear taught me, until about ten years ago, when I became desirous of understanding the mechanism of a sonnet. I read some of Mrs. Browning's, some of Shakespeare's, some of Rosetti's, and others, and found sufficient variety in their forms to puzzle and confuse me as to the proper construction. Finally, I was told to purchase a little book entitled "The Rhymester," by Tom Hood, and therein I found samples of the most perfect sonnets, ballads, triolets, rondels, etc., in existence, with all the rules governing them. The book contains general information regarding all kinds of verse; but while it would be invaluable to a mere verse builder, it would be of no assistance to a natural poet, save in its specimens of sonnets and other arbitrary forms.

The natural poet is always vastly amused at the idea of a rhyming dictionary. I think most poets find their only difficulty in that respect the choice from the number that occur. Rhymes fly in flocks to me,—seldom singly. I think of a dozen ways I might rhyme a couplet, and to decide which is the better is often a nice point.

I am almost daily asked how my poems come to me,—whether I "think them up," find them in books, or am "inspired." The universe seems to me to be filled with thought germs, and unwritten poems people space. In walking down the street, wholly intent upon some worldly matter, the purchase of a new gown, or something equally material, the soul germ of a poem, on an entirely different subject, has pierced heart and brain like a needle of light. I have had the same thing occur in conversing with people, or while reading a book.

Frequently, in such cases, I can trace its source to some remark that has been made, or to something I have read. But quite as frequently it comes unheralded and mysteriously. From the moment this mental conception takes place I consider the poem practically written. It may be a day, a week, or a month before I give it form and expression, but I know during all this time that whenever I choose to invoke them, both form and expression will come.

There is a peculiar exhilaration in this state of mental pregnancy. To carry about, unknown to those nearest you, an unuttered and beautiful thought which you believe will, when delivered and clothed with speech, bring pleasure to the world, is a happiness understood only by authors or willing and happy mothers.

The amount of time and labor necessary to the delivery of these ideas varies with the poet's mood, or condition, or with the nature of the poem. A sonnet with me requires more time than a mere flowing form of verse. I am often asked how long a time I occupy in writing a sonnet. I recollect one of my best, which required some four hours of consecutive labor. When I made this fact known the critic reproved me, saying, "You should have worked over it four weeks, instead, and picked and chosen your expressions."

Yet in those four hours I had written one line twenty-six different ways before I was satisfied with its formation, and all the others had been rewritten many times. I could have done no more, had I extended the work over weeks instead of hours.

I am frequently urged to write less, and informed that I will write better in consequence. This theory my own experience constantly disproves. When I write six poems in one week I do far better work than when I write one poem in six weeks. The greater the pressure, the better my productions. Every day of my life I thank God for the neediness of my youth, which compelled me to write constantly. I owe my best work to the stern mistress, Necessity.

I have recently been asked whether it was necessary to have the same number of syllables in each rhyming line of a poem.

There is no imperative law regarding ordinary rhythm, save that the corresponding lines in each stanza shall be of corresponding length and similar accent.

For instance, take the following stanza:—

Keep out of the past: it is lonely
And bleak to the view.

Its fires have grown cold, and its stories are old;
Turn, turn to the present, — the new.

Now, the first line contains eight syllables with a two-syllabled word,—"lonely,"—at the end, and it is accented on the second and seventh syllables.

The second line contains five syllables, accented on second and fifth.

The third has a double rhyme, the fourth eight syllables.

Now, this follows no rule or law. It is written to please my own fancy, which any poet has a right to do. But if I write ten stanzas more, I will be no poet, if I do not carefully adhere to the rules I have made for the first stanza. Each first line of the following ten stanzas must contain eight syllables with the same accent, and the two-syllabled ending; each second line five, each third line the double rhyme. There are some kinds of fantasies in verse,—where no rule is observed, and where all sorts of liberties are taken; but these require a master genius, or else they result in a mere conglomeration of words.

The "born" poet, too, can make use of certain constructions, and extra syllables even, which do not mar his verse, but rather add to it, like grace notes in some music. Let the mechanical poet beware of attempting it, for though he counts his number, and seems to follow the same rule of "no rule," he will make a limping failure, and will be unable to understand why, and no one can explain the subtle cause satisfactorily to him; yet every musical ear will note the difference. To sum up this advice in a sentence,—great poets may use poetical license,—ordinary poets must not.—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in the New York Star.*

HOW ILLUSTRATIONS ARE MADE.

The first thing that happens when a book or periodical is ready for illustrating is to decide upon the number and the subjects of the pictures, and to determine which artists shall be intrusted with the work. This depends upon the kind of illustrations called for by the subject. Some artists do landscapes, others interiors, others figures, and so on. To some are intrusted the humorous pictures, to others historical subjects, to others descriptive drawings. Sometimes one artist will illustrate an entire article; sometimes it will be divided among a dozen. Books are generally illustrated by one man. The size of the picture need not be taken into account, for reasons that will appear. The artist follows his own fancy in this regard.

Drawings are of two kinds. Line drawings are made with the pen. Those made with the brush are called "wash" drawings. Both are embraced

under the general head of black-and-white drawings. The great majority of drawings are of the "wash" variety, the "line" being called for only in particular cases and for particular subjects. Humorous pictures are generally of the latter kind. When the drawing is completed, and approved by the chief of the department, the second step in the operation is ready to be entered upon. And here it is necessary to mention a third class of original illustrations, the first two being "line" and "wash" drawings. The third class is photographs. For all three are employed as the basis of book and magazine illustrations. Occasionally, also, an oil painting is used as an original.

When the original, whether photograph, or "line," or "wash" drawing, is ready, the chief has to decide another question. All originals are transferred, either by hand engraving or by "process," a species of sun engraving, commonly known as photo-engraving. "Line" drawings are almost always transferred by "process" work. Photographs and "wash" drawings are generally handed over to the engravers. As a rule, the public prefer engraving, because the work is brighter and clearer. On the other hand, the artists prefer "process" work. There is less danger of alteration of the original if the work is done by the sun than if completed by the human hand. Artists, like authors, wish to see their work accurately reproduced. On the other hand, engraving is ten times more expensive than "process" work. Still, notwithstanding the great difference in expense, the bulk of the work in first-class houses is transferred by engraving.

The work of engraving may be described briefly as follows: Blocks of boxwood are first procured. These are made by skilled artisans. It is a separate business. The publishing houses purchase these blocks from the makers at a cost of from four to eight cents a square inch. They are furnished of any size, from a few inches square to the size of *Harper's Weekly's* double page, and are made just the height of the type which they will accompany in the printing press. The surface is polished to the smoothness of the finest enamelled paper. The largest blocks are made by fastening together a number of the smallest blocks by means of iron rivets. These can subsequently be taken apart and distributed to various engravers. Sometimes eight or more engravers will be employed upon a large double-page illustration. A thin coating of white stuff, composed of silver-white, albumen, gelatine, etc., is now placed upon the block by the photographer, whose services are next called into requisition. The drawing or other original is now photo-

graphed upon the block. In this operation it is reduced or enlarged, as the case may require. Original drawings are generally two to three times the size of the completed picture. It is because of this ability of the camera that drawings need not be prepared the exact size required, as they were formerly. But of this something will be said further on. The block, with the photograph on it, is now ready for the engraver, who must be something of an artist himself. Very frequently he is an accomplished one.

Engraving is performed with finely pointed steel instruments called "gravers." The engraver looks at the work through a monocle, similar to that used by watchmakers. It must be performed with great care, and very slowly. Sometimes six weeks are consumed in engraving a single block. When completed, the block is blacked with ink. Then a preparation of fine chalk is spread over it, which brings out the black and white tones of the drawing. By this means the engraver is enabled to compare his work with the original. He now goes over the work carefully again, bringing out the tone still more accurately. When it is finished to his satisfaction a proof is printed from it, and this is submitted to the chief of the department, who suggests, if necessary, further alterations. When the block is finally approved, a papier maché matrix is made from it, and on this matrix the plate which is to be used in the press is moulded.

If the original is to be reproduced by process work, it is sent to a photo-engraver. The work done here is more or less a secret, known only to the trade, but a general idea of it may be given by the following description: A negative is made from the original by photographing it through a species of screen in such a manner that it shows lines and dots corresponding in a general way to those which would have been produced by the engraver had the work been intrusted to him. In the case of a line drawing no screen is necessary. On the negative the black lines of the drawing become white, and the white portions become black.

A gelatine plate of the required size and about a quarter of an inch thick is next produced. This has been "sensitized," as it is called, by means of a preparation of bichromate of potash. It looks like a pane of yellow glass, except that it is soft and pliable. If exposed to the sun, it becomes hard, brittle, and insoluble. This plate is now fixed to the back of the negative, which is then submitted to the action of the actinic, or light, rays of the sun, or of an electric light. The black lines of the negative protect the gelatine plate from these rays,

while the white portions permit them to pass through, and do their work upon it. When this process is completed, the gelatine is scrubbed in ordinary water. The protected portions are thus rubbed out, and the portions which have been hardened by the sunlight remain. The result now is a plate substantially similar to the block after it leaves the engraver's hands. From this a matrix is formed, and from the matrix a plate is produced by putting the gelatine through a battery of solution of copper. In a couple of hours a thin shell of copper is formed upon the matrix. This is backed up by type-metal an eighth of an inch thick. This is the electrotype, or printing plate, which is afterward nailed upon a block type high.

The cost to the publisher for drawings runs from \$75 to \$325 a page. For engraving it averages about \$200 a page, though sometimes as high as \$500 has been paid. — *Frank H. Howe, in the New York Star.*

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER AT HOME.

Charles Dudley Warner has just finished two numbers of the serial, "A Little Journey in the World," which will begin in the April number of *Harper's Magazine*. I had the pleasure of looking at the manuscript a few days ago. It is the clearest "copy-plate," on paper of commercial-note size, with hardly an erasure. Mr. Warner is a rapid writer, never making a second copy of any manuscript. He uses violet ink, because it flows much more freely than any other kind, and enables him to work the faster.

"If I had been at work on the serial," said Mr. Warner, "I could not have seen you, for when I intend to write on that, I leave strict orders downstairs that no one is to approach my study on pain of, — not 'death,' perhaps, — but a scolding."

Mr. Warner works from 10 o'clock in the morning until 3 in the afternoon, when he walks down to his office in town, to attend to his duties as editor of the *Hartford Courant*.

He seldom takes any luncheon. A most tempting, but a very modest, collation was laid out for him at one end of the dining-room table; a bowl of milk, a few slices of bread, and a baked apple, with a vase of roses to add beauty to the repast; but it was already 3 o'clock, and the luncheon was untasted.

There is an open fire-place in this plainly-furnished study, with a cheerful blaze. The "delusive gas-log" is nowhere to be seen in Mr. Warner's house, for has he not anathematized it

as "a fraud which no one can poke, and before which no cat would condescend to lie down, a centre of untruthfulness, demoralizing the life of the whole family"?

"I don't suppose you ever had any manuscript returned?" I ventured to inquire, and I am bound to confess that his answer was balm to my soul.

"Oh! yes; I had plenty returned to me, but then, as I became an editor when quite young, I was somewhat independent of other editors."

"And what was the very first thing you ever wrote for publication?"

"Oh, I cannot remember," he replied, "for it was so long ago, but I presume it was some sketch for *Putnam's Magazine* or for the old *Knickerbocker*."

"Here is a copy of *Putnam's Magazine* for 1853," he said, taking the book down. The "dust-covered" book, I was going to say, but that would be a misstatement, for no dust can be found in that well-regulated work-room, even if the search is conducted with the aid of a first-class microscope. "And in it is an article that I wrote for it, 'Salt Lake and the New Saratoga.'"

Mr. Warner, as well as all other people in the world of letters, is constantly besieged with notes from young writers asking for advice, or if they may submit some choice and precious MS. to him.

"I always reply to such letters: 'I shall be very frank with you, and tell you the truth as it seems to me.' I can always sympathize with young writers, even if I find their letters a great interruption to my work, for I remember how anxious I used to be in regard to my articles, and how eager for somebody's opinion besides my own."

In regard to the much-vexed question, "Do editors conscientiously examine all MSS. submitted to them, whether the author be known or unknown in the literary firmament?" Mr. Warner says that every magazine editor is looking out for something good, and name or influence only avails in so far as it calls more immediate attention to a manuscript. Nor is it ever necessary to read every page of an article to tell whether it meets the needs of the magazine in question, or whether it is worth publishing at all. You need not eat the whole dinner to tell whether it is good. Often the readers for different publishing houses do not know the names of the authors, so that there can be no possible bias in favor of a name already made famous.

In appearance, Mr. Warner is tall and erect in form, with a strong countenance, indicative of thought and refinement. When at his work, he wears a black velvet jacket.

His pedestrian powers are good, and in the summer he takes long tramps, accompanied by one or two friends; the Adirondack region being a favorite resort. As an angler, he is patient and expert.

All the walls in his house are covered with brown wrapping-paper, or paper such as is used to put down under carpets. There are different shades of the paper, to be sure, and the frieze in each room is of some bright color, which relieves the monotony. An unnoticed, plain wall surface Mr. Warner considers the best background for pictures.—*David Wechsler, in the Indianapolis Journal.*

THE BUSINESS OF AUTHORSHIP.

One writer sets out with the proposition that the women writers who succeed are usually women who have some other support than authorship. As a matter of fact, it makes very little difference whether they are poor or well-to-do, except that perhaps poverty is the more potent and permanent stimulus, as offering fewer alternative enjoyments.

Mrs. Frances Anne Kemble was said to give her first Shakespearean readings under pressure of temporary poverty, and to claim that she read for her "bread." Afterward, when needing it less, she was reported to claim that she did it for her "butter." On the whole, there are probably as many women who work for their butter as for their bread, but it never seems to make much difference with their work. The essential things are talent and energy; and these being given, it must remain for a time an open question whether the talent is only of the sensational or of the permanent kind. In the latter case, it usually ends in being called genius instead of talent, and perhaps in securing posthumous fame, in place of either bread or butter. It is a curious fact that almost all the women authors actually named in the essays before me are those whose work is obviously perishable, and that the American women whose writings are most likely to be read fifty years hence,—as Helen Jackson and Emma Lazarus,—are not so much as mentioned in them, although the former, at least, made an independent income by her pen. There is the same difference among men. It is often necessary to choose,—unless nature made the decision before you were born,—whether to take your reward in money or in fame. At a time when Hawthorne was earning with difficulty a few hundred dollars a year, and getting perhaps \$20 each for tales now immortal, the poet Longfellow received a call from "Professor" Ingraham, who told him that he had brought novel-writing to such

perfection that he could with little effort turn out twenty novels a year and earn \$3,000, which would be equivalent to \$5,000 to-day. Yet there is no evidence that Hawthorne ever envied his rival. Ingraham's high-water mark was "The Prince of the House of David," a sort of anticipation of the still more popular "Ben-Hur" of the present time; but he now appears in the cyclopædias simply as "an author of sensational romances," while Hawthorne's fame is as fixed and permanent in its way as that of Shakespeare. Sometimes, though rarely, the two forms of success are combined; but it is of great importance to an author's peace of mind, that he or she should decide in advance which kind of success is most desirable.

The question is not merely whether this or that author has made \$10,000 or \$20,000 a year by writing, but whether you would be willing for that sum to have done that author's precise work, and no more. I have often seen books by which the writer claimed to have made \$1,000, and yet they were books which I should have been sorry to shoulder at that price, while I should be proud to have written Thoreau's "Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers," of which the author carried seven hundred unsold copies,—out of nine hundred printed,—up to his attic on his back. It is observable that most women who write about other women in the newspapers seem to think chiefly of the \$1,000. The fact that Mrs. Stowe wrote for the cause of the negroes, and Mrs. Jackson (latterly) for that of the Indians, and Miss Lazarus for that of the Jews,—and that to them success was measured by the interest thus inspired,—does not seem to enter into their account. Then the delight of expression, which is so large a part of the intellectual stimulus of the true writer, is a thing for which money affords no measure. Then there is the high ambition to do honor to one's native land, and the minor yearning to take rank with the original writers of the world. Longfellow wrote in his diary (February 24, 1853) of Mrs. Stowe: "At one step she has reached the top of the staircase up which the rest of us climb on our knees year after year." Such an admission from, perhaps, the most popular American author of his day would count to many women for more than money. Then it is vain to say, as some of these newspaper criticisms point out, that the largest incomes gained by literature do not equal those obtained, even by certain women, in trade or invention. Of course, they do not; but these commercial successes are balanced by two things: first, that they do not lead to the flattering personal admiration and affection

won through literature; and then that the reverse side of the commercial medal is failure, and that one who to-day has an immense income may next week go into bankruptcy, and be weighed down for the rest of life by debts which the happy author escapes. — *T. W. Higginson, in Harper's Bazar.*

AUTHORS AND PRESS REVIEWS.

Whether our famous authors who write a great deal read what is said of their books by the papers is a question often asked by people out of the literary swim. As a rule, most of them do; although some seem indifferent. Robert Louis Stevenson, for example, very rarely evinces any desire to read what is said of his books. Mr. Howells, on the other hand, has the notices of his books sent him for careful reading. Dr. Holmes, years ago, gave up the practice. Whittier enjoys only an occasional one, while Lowell shows no concern whatever for the most flattering review. Brander Matthews keeps a scrap-book of all his notices, properly indexed. George W. Cable seldom reads any criticisms, except when they are sent to him direct by friends. Henry James used to spend hours over his notices when he was in America. E. P. Roe considered it his duty to read what the critics said of his novels, and few authors were more influenced by the tone of the notices than was he. Donald G. Mitchell was an industrious reader of his notices before his retirement, while Mark Twain never "hankered" after them, as he expresses it. Julian Hawthorne is very sensitive to newspaper criticisms, while Edgar Fawcett will answer those which attack his works. Mrs. Burnett, one would judge, would have become tired reading what is continually written about her, yet a favorable notice of any of her works is always certain of her attention. Ella Wheeler Wilcox is a great respecter of the opinion of the press, and not infrequently will sit down and answer a critic with whose judgment she differs. Mrs. Custer is a singular exception to the run of writers, in that she acknowledges every criticism printed of her books. To Marion Harland newspaper comment has ceased to be a novelty, yet she is thoroughly appreciative of an intelligent review. Margaret Deland is said to have read every notice of "John Ward, Preacher" sent by editors to her publishers. Amélie Rives is reported as having waxed wrathful over the more severe criticisms of "The Quick or the Dead?" Harriet Beecher Stowe still enjoys a pleasant tribute from the press, although few writers have had more paid them. Miss Alcott always held that it was best for an

author not to read what is said of her works. Mrs. Moulton, Miss Jewett, and Mrs. Spofford think otherwise, and a conscientious notice of any work issued by them will often elicit a graceful acknowledgment. — *William J. Bok, in the New York Graphic.*

SIMPLICITY.

No doubt one of the most charming creations in all poetry is Nausicaä, the white-armed daughter of King Alcinous. Is there any woman in history more to be desired than this sweet, pure-minded, honest-hearted girl, as she is depicted with a few swift touches by the great poet?—the dutiful daughter in her father's house, the joyous companion of girls, the beautiful woman whose modest bearing commands the instant homage of men. Nothing is more enduring in literature than this girl and the scene on the Corfu sands.

The sketch, though distinct, is slight, — little more than outlines; no elaboration, no analysis; just an incident, as real as the blue sky of Scheria and the waves on the yellow sand. All the elements of the picture are simple, human, natural, standing in as unconfused relations as any events in common life. I am not recalling it because it is a conspicuous instance of the true realism that is touched with the ideality of genius, which is the immortal element in literature, but as an illustration of the other necessary quality in all productions of the human mind that remain age after age, and that is simplicity. This is the stamp of all enduring work; this is what appeals to the universal understanding from generation to generation.

We may test contemporary literature by its conformity to the canon of simplicity; that is, if it has not that, we may conclude that it lacks one essential lasting quality. It may please; it may be ingenious, brilliant even; it may be the fashion of the day, and a fashion that will hold its power of pleasing for half a century, but it will be a fashion. Mannerisms, of course, will not deceive us, nor extravagances, eccentricities, affectations, nor the straining after effect by the use of coined or far-fetched words and prodigality in adjectives. But style? Yes, there is such a thing as style, good and bad; and the style should be the writer's own, and characteristic of him, as his speech is. But the moment I admire a style for its own sake, a style that attracts my attention so constantly that I say, How good that is! I begin to be suspicious. If it comes between me and thought, or the personality behind the thought, I grow more and more suspi-

cious. Is the book a window, through which I am to see life? Then I cannot have the glass too clear. Is it to affect me like a strain of music? Then I am still more disturbed by any affectations. Is it to produce the effect of a picture? Then I know I want the simplest harmony in color. And I have learned that the most effective word-painting, as it is called, is the simplest. We may be sure that any piece of literature which attracts only by some trick of style, however it may blaze up for a day and startle the world with its flash, lacks the element of endurance. We do not need much experience to tell us the difference between a lamp and a Roman candle. When we take a proper historical perspective, we see that it is the universal, the simple, that lasts.

I am not sure whether simplicity is a matter of nature or of cultivation. Barbarous nature likes display, excessive ornament; and when we have arrived at the nobly simple, the perfect proportion, we are always likely to relapse into the confused and the complicated. The most cultivated men, we know, are the simplest in manners, in taste, in their style. It is a note of some of the purest modern writers that they avoid comparisons, similes, and even too much use of metaphor. But the mass of men are always relapsing into the tawdry and the over-ornamented. It is a characteristic of youth, and it seems also to be a characteristic of over-development. Literature, in any language, has no sooner arrived at the highest vigor of simple expression than it begins to run into prettiness, conceits, over-elaboration. This is a fact which may be verified by studying different periods, from classic literature to our own day. — *Charles Dudley Warner, in the Atlantic Monthly for March.*

GEORGE W. CABLE.

Mr. Cable, on coming North four years ago, selected Northampton as a home. This city, famed in song and story for its historical associations, its great natural beauty, and its institutions of learning, is a fitting residence for a *littérateur*. Here Bancroft and Edwards lived and worked. The Cary sisters found inspiration amid these surroundings, and Jenny Lind in her enthusiasm declared that it is "the paradise of America." Holland spent his early years here.

Mr. Cable purchased a substantial brick house in a retired part of the city, where seclusion and quiet are assured. The front windows command a fine view of the rugged sides of Holyoke and Tom, with the majestic Connecticut winding about their

base like a zone of silver, and the rich verdure of the intervening meadows. The neighboring wood, with its sequestered nooks, gently flowing streams, rich variety of plant life, and many-voiced birds, afford him opportunity for that communion with Nature in which, as his books plainly show, he delights. It is the ideal home of an author.

As we approach the vine-covered entrance, a tennis racket lying upon the neatly-kept lawn and a doll's carriage upon the stoop indicate that pastimes and domestic joys lighten the graver duties of life in this home. In response to a request to see Mr. Cable, we are ushered into a comfortably-furnished parlor, and through an open door see our author busily at work in his study, which is immediately in the rear. While waiting for him to finish his task, we take the liberty to note his personal appearance.

He is apparently about forty-five years of age, slightly built, under, rather than over, medium height. His hair and beard, which he wears full, are dark, with here and there a trace of gray. His hazel eyes have a genial light, and indeed his general expression reveals his well-known kindness of heart.

He is seated at a small, round table, furnished, *not littered*, with writing materials. The walls of the room are lined with cases containing volumes of reference and general information. Here and there are souvenirs of personal interest, but it is evident that everything is arranged for work, and not for show. It is a workshop, and not a museum; the abode of a toiler, and not of a literary *dilettante*.

In a few minutes the daily stint is done, and Mr. Cable comes forward with so cordial a welcome that we at once feel at ease. His unassuming manner is such that we can hardly realize that we are conversing with George W. Cable, whose books are in every library, and whose fame is already international. He refers with modesty to his own work, but always has praise for others who are worthy.

Mr. Cable's present reputation is not accidental, a mere caprice of Dame Fortune, but the reward of patient and unremitting toil. From boyhood he has been an indefatigable worker. As errand boy, soldier, clerk, reporter, author, he has always been characterized by untiring industry. His first literary work, consisting of anonymous contributions to the local press, was accomplished by rising at 4 o'clock, and writing before it was time to begin his regular work for the day as clerk in a mercantile establishment.

Social science is his favorite among the graver studies. He delights in the poets, but, with this exception, rarely reads anything for recreation. Indeed, he cannot be called a great reader. He studies, rather than reads, books. He is said to read only one newspaper a day. Gardening and music are his favorite amusements. He drives a good deal, and seeks exercise as much as possible in the open air. — *Rev. Charles M. Melden, in Zion's Herald.*

MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood, who wrote "The Romance of Dollard," lives in Hoopeston, Ill., a sleepy village eighty miles south of Chicago. I stepped from the train into this little town one afternoon, and followed the directions of an inhabitant, who told me to go up to the bank, and turn south. I rang the bell at the door of a neat Queen Anne cottage. Mrs. Catherwood herself came to the door, a tall, fair woman, with an open, cordial manner, and greeted in me a personal friend of several years' standing.

"Is that Little Lord Fauntleroy in petticoats?" I asked, as a five-year old girl came bounding into the room, her long curls and laces flying over a plush dress.

"That's Hazel. That child has the most accomplished manner of hallooing I ever heard. I really think she will be heard from some day."

"But 'The Romance of Dollard'?"

"How it came to be written? Well, I got to reading Francis Parkman, and then went up to Canada last summer, and pored for days over the parish registers of Villemaire. I paid a fabulous price for a 'Histoire du Canada.' Dollard really lived and died. The black, unexplored woods of Canada had, at one time, been peopled by heroes, descendants of the Crusaders. It is all commonplace enough now. Dollard fought like Richard Cœur de Lion, and died, and has been mourned and extolled in the 'Chansons Populaire' for over two centuries by the hero-loving French Canadians.

"Dollard's story is all there in the records, except the heroine; her I invented. But it seemed to me that one so young, — he was only twenty-five, — and so brave, beautiful, and so fair a flower of chivalry, should be loved by one like him. A Laval-Montmorenci, she feared not death in shipwreck or battle for his sake. They died together."

"You made them die!"

"It is the story. Dollard died; he had lived to be a hero. That is longer than most men live."

"It was a story worthy to be told."

"It seemed so to me. I worked, and studied, and dreamed, and cried, while Hazel screamed undisturbed. Fortunately, the meals are served whether I dream or not. I wrote other things in the meantime, but for a year I dreamed of Dollard. Then it was written. I thought it was good, so I took it myself to New York, with a letter of introduction from James Whitcomb Riley, to Mr. Gilder, editor of *The Century*. He was kind, but said: 'My dear madam, we have stories enough to last for years already purchased. Your story may be so good it would make your heart sick waiting for it to be published, even if we accepted it.'

"Read it," I said. I believed in my Dollard, even as Celare believed in him. I promised to stay in New York until it was read. I could not eat or sleep for anxiety. In a week it had been accepted, and I came back with a check for \$——," and she mentioned a large sum. "That was last summer, and it was published in November. Next fall *The Century* will issue the work in book form, and pay me a royalty. They have asked me for another story."

"What will it be?"

"A historical romance of Chevalier La Salle and his lieutenant, Tonti. I shall take them from Canada into Illinois, down the Illinois river into La Salle and Peoria counties. The woods, and streams, and plains of Illinois, too, were once a background for heroes. The ascetic Jesuits once peopled the banks of Peoria Lake. As soon as the weather will permit excursions, I shall go to get my local color."

I examined Mrs. Catherwood's work-room, — an alcove space containing a writing-desk and bookshelves, in which rare works on Canada, printed in French, abounded.

"Where are your own works?"

"My books? I don't know whether I have any copies." After a long search, she unearthed copies of her early books, dust-covered, with many of the leaves uncut. Her first book, "The Craque of Doom," appeared about twelve years ago in *Lippincott's Magazine*, since which time she has produced "Old Caravan Days," "The Secret at Roseladies," and numerous short stories for magazines. Mrs. Catherwood has seemed to spring into fame with "Dollard," but for years her work has been in demand by publishers of periodicals, so "Dollard" is the result of training, and of careful, conscientious work.

"Is it easy for you to write?" I asked.

"No; I have to write and rewrite everything. I began 'The Story of Tonti' just this morning, and this has been rewritten five times already." — *Nora Marks, in the Chicago Tribune.*

THE AUTHOR.

WM. H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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^{} Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

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Readers of THE AUTHOR are invited to answer "Queries" published in the magazine, and to send in any questions which they would like to have others answer.

Attention is called to the requirement that all subscriptions for THE AUTHOR, whenever they may be received, must be for one year, and begin with the January number.

Writers are again urged to contribute material for the "Literary News and Notes" of THE AUTHOR. Announcements of their plans and undertakings are especially desired.

Several of the subscribers for THE AUTHOR have expressed a wish that larger type might be used in printing the magazine. Brevier type was chosen, instead of the bourgeois type used in THE WRITER, in order that as much reading matter as possible might be given in the space at command. As THE AUTHOR grows older it

is likely to grow larger as well, and when more pages are added a larger type may be used. Subscribers can do much to hasten this improvement by helping to extend the circulation of the magazine.

The woman who writes in a fine, feminine handwriting, with violet ink, still sends contributions to editors now and then. She is not known to fame, however, for contributions written in that way seldom get into print.

THE AUTHOR and THE WRITER are sent only to subscribers who have paid for them in advance, and when subscriptions expire the names of subscribers are taken off the list, unless an order for renewal, accompanied by remittance, is received.

The mailing list of THE AUTHOR has been put in type, and each subscriber will find on the address label of his magazine the date of the expiration of his subscription. Subscribers are requested to call the attention of the publisher to any mistakes in the printed labels, in order that corrections may be made as soon as possible.

THE USE OF STAMPED ENVELOPES.

In the January number of *The Forum* James Payn, in an article entitled "How to Get into Print," gives some excellent advice to young writers, but on one point his instructions are not to be followed. Apropos of sending an article to an editor, he says that the writer should "enclose stamps, but not a stamped envelope (that is really too tempting for human nature)."

My experience has been that if only stamps are enclosed with a manuscript, the average editor takes particular pains in returning it to use an envelope of wholly different shape from the one in which the manuscript was sent, and that he accordingly folds the paper in such a way that by the time it reaches me the new creases show plainly that it has been re-folded and rejected, and I am obliged to re-copy it before sending it out again. Besides, if loose stamps are enclosed, editors sometimes use only a single one on a returned manuscript, and leave the author to pay the extra postage. Although

stamped envelopes may be "too tempting for human nature," certainly time,—for copying,—and money,—for stamps,—will be saved by enclosing them when one submits his wares to editorial inspection.

J. B. Clapp.

"CONSCIENCE IN LITERARY WORK."

F. A. Reynolds' communication to THE WRITER on "Conscience in Literary Work" has the right ring. For one, I desire to protest against the prevalent lack of conscience among many literary workers. If abstract right were done, such writers as the author of "The Quick or the Dead?" instead of being held up to the admiration of the world, would be consigned to a limbo of detestation and scorn. A writer without a conscience is on a plane compared with which the rumseller's becomes lofty, and the burglar's glorious. He who is willing to coin debasement of the public into dollars and cents is a fitter subject for the penitentiary than for the pantheon of American genius. And yet,—and here's the rub,—our great men and our pure women do not blush to read books which they declare are unfit for the young. After all, in spite of "Robert Elsmere," some of the good, old-fashioned doctrines have their strong points. For instance, the doctrine of "Original Sin."

F. A. T.

QUERIES.

[Readers of THE AUTHOR are invited to answer questions asked in this department. Replies should be brief and to the point, and they should always mention the number of the question answered.]

No. 16.—Do you know of a copy of the *Minnecons of Germany*, translated by A. E. Kroeger, of St. Louis, Mo.?

A. D. K.

NATIONAL CITY, Calif.

No. 17.—I cannot find an unfading ink. Some time ago THE WRITER mentioned the Kosmian ink, which I at once obtained; but it is thick and unpleasant, as this note at once shows. The last AUTHOR, in its answer to query No. 3, says: "No one can afford to use ink that fades, when the best can be had at seventy-five cents a quart." Will THE AUTHOR please state: (1.) The kind of ink which is fast and unfading. (2.) Where can it be obtained? (3.) How can one be sure? I have tried many kinds of ink, and bought quarts that I could never

use, and I have rarely found a good one,—never an unfading one.

M. L. H.

PHILADELPHIA, Penn.

No. 18.—I wish to find the name of the author and the poem in which each of the following quotations occurs:—

"Thus it is all over the earth:

That which we call the fairest,
And prize for its surpassing worth,
Is always rarest."

"Our earliest longings prophesy the man,
Our fullest wisdom still enfolds the child;
And in my life I trace that larger plan
Whereby at last all things are reconciled."

"Life's but a means unto an end: that end,
Beginning, mean, and end of all things,—God.
The dead have all the glory of the world."

H. T.

PATERSON, N. J.

No. 19.—Please inform me in what novel, or novels, of Balzac is "Valérie Marneffe" a character.

G. L. H.

FORT SCOTT, Kan.

QUERIES ANSWERED.

No. 4.—The poem, "Geehale: An Indian Lament," is to be found in "Cheever's Poets of America," but the authorship is not given, the poem being marked "Anonymous." The edition of Cheever's collection which I have was published in 1876, but I remember having read this poem somewhere some years before that.

A. M. G.

CHICAGO, Ill.

No. 4.—Henry Rowe Schoolcraft wrote "The Indian's Lament." The poem may be found under "Michigan," in Longfellow's "Poems of Places," "Western States."

J. H. W.

JACKSONVILLE, Ill.

No. 14.—The lines were written by Frances Anne Kemble, and are as follows:—

DOUBT.

Better trust all, and be deceived,
And weep that trust and that deceiving,
Than doubt one heart, that, if believed,
Had blest one's life with true believing.

Oh, in this mocking world, too fast
The doubting fiend o'ertakes our youth;
Better be cheated to the last
Than lose the blessed hope of truth.

A. H. D.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

No. 15.—There is a "Jenkins's Vest-Pocket Lexicon: An English Dictionary of all except

Familiar Words," etc., by Jabez Jenkins, copyrighted, 1861, and published in revised edition by Lippincott, at least as late as 1877; size, two and one-quarter by three and one-quarter inches, 563 pages.

J. M. V.

JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT WRITERS.

Harland. — Henry Harland, better known by his *nom de plume* of "Sydney Lusk," is a frequent visitor at literary gatherings this winter. He is a young man of about three-and-thirty. He has dark brown eyes, often twitching from excessive study, a firm mouth, a square brow, and a broad chin. His face is partly covered by a fine growth of light brown hair, and would look better if he shaved. Harland has abundant faith in his literary career, otherwise he would not have given up his snug berth in the surrogate's office, got married, and determined to earn his living solely by his pen. It was a bold venture, but I hear that his writings already yield him a good income. — *The Epoch*.

Ingelow. — But a few moments' ride from London is the Kensington home of Jean Ingelow. The house is an old one, of cream-colored stone, and one scarcely knows whether it has two or three stories. Liberal grounds surround the house, and even in winter show a gardener's care. In summer the entire lawn is bordered and dotted with flowers, for the poet is a pronounced horticulturist. During the cold weather a spacious conservatory attached to the house shelters the flowers, and in this hot-house of palms and buds she is often found by her friends, reading or writing. Flowers bloom, too, in almost every room in the house, on centre tables, mantels, and in the bay windows. Jean Ingelow's home is that of a poet, with books on every hand, and always within reach wherever you may chance to sit down. The poet is now in middle life, but her face shows not the slightest trace of years. Her manner is most friendly, her conversation charming, and in a most musical voice. She has a remarkably correct knowledge of American literature, the titles of all the latest American books being spoken by her with wonderful fluency. Her character is eminently practical, without a touch of sentimentality. All her literary writing is done in the forenoon; her pen is never put to paper by gaslight. She composes slowly, and her verses are often kept by her for months before they are allowed to go out for publication. She shuns society, and the most severe part of the

winter is spent in the south of France. — *William F. Bok's Syndicate Letter*.

Kirkland. — Joseph Kirkland was born January 7, 1830, at Geneva, New York. He is the son of William Kirkland, a professor in Hamilton College, and of Caroline M. (Stansbury) Kirkland, who wrote (1840 to 1860) "A New Home," "Forest Life," "Western Clearings," "Holidays Abroad," and other works. His grandfather, General Joseph Kirkland, was nephew of the Rev. Samuel Kirkland, missionary to the Oneidas before and during the Revolution. Joseph Kirkland passed the first twelve years of his life chiefly in the then "backwoods" of Central Michigan. He had only a common school education and desultory home training. From the ages of twelve to twenty-six he lived in New York City with his parents. Then he went to Chicago, and, later, to the prairies of Central Illinois, where he made the studies which give character to his novels, "Zury" and "The McVeys." In 1861 he entered the volunteer service in the first levy for troops. He remained in service (as a private, lieutenant, captain, and major, successively) until 1863, when he returned to Central Illinois, and since then he has lived in that part of the state and in Chicago, where he resides at present. Mr. Kirkland's plan of fiction includes a third novel ("The Captain of Company K"), wherein he will carry some of the characters he has already portrayed through the scenes of the great conflict; trying to strip war of its glamor by regarding it from the point of view of the private soldier and of the line officer. He himself considers his literary characteristics to be a deep, loving sympathy with the classes who labor in contact with the soil, and a keen appreciation of their courage, their tenderness, their pathos, and their exhaustless funds of wisdom, wit, and humor. He has an ambition to carry realism to the utmost bounds which the present fine standard of English literature permits, telling truth at all hazards, and leaving the reader to make the application and draw the moral. — *The Book Buyer*.

Shillaber. — B. P. Shillaber, the genial "Mrs. Partington," was visited the other day at his quiet home in Chelsea. Although he has arrived at the advanced age of seventy-four years, his intellect seems to be as clear as ever. He has not been in Boston for seven years, having long had rheumatic trouble, which has made locomotion difficult, although he gets about the house with a cane, and rides now and then in a carriage. He has four children living. One daughter remains with him, the comfort of his declining years. Mr. Shillaber

has published nine books, collections from his own writings. Two of these were verse, three for juveniles, and he has one now ready for publication. Enjoying fair health, he manages to get along, and "with pen, paper, pipe, and pills," said he, "I sit here from year's end to year's end, patient as may be, receive my friends, and wait for the better life." — *Boston Budget*.

Spencer. — The personal traits of Herbert Spencer have entered so little into the gossip of the day that people will like to read these details set forth by a female novelist: "Mr. Spencer ran away from his uncle's house because he abhorred dead languages, and he has abhorred dead languages ever since. Mr. Spencer has not written any of his works; he has always dictated his thoughts to an amanuensis. I once, one Christmas, witnessed the philosopher kiss, or, rather, attempt to kiss, a lady. It was on Christmas Day, after dinner, and we were all sitting in the billiard-room. He did it quite openly, quite philosophically, in fact. He produced a small sprig of mistletoe out of his pocket, and held it above her head. I did not see what happened; I was too much astonished. He had known her from the time she was a baby until that Christmas; and I believe he knows her still, that is to say, I understand she has forgiven him. I have not seen Mr. Spencer since he lost his health, but I hear that he suffers from mental depression, and that he is so weak he can only talk to friends for a few minutes. Once Mr. Spencer took me out for a walk. As the little boy said of his grandmother, 'Her thoughts were too high for me, and my thoughts were too low for her, so we never said nothing.' Our walk took place in silence. Before we went indoors, Mr. Spencer stood still, looking very serious, and said: 'You have a bad habit of wrinkling your forehead. If you place three or four strips of sticking-plaster across it when you go to bed, you will be cured of this trick.' Mr. Spencer used to be very fond of children before he lost his health; and they liked him, and were not afraid of him. I remember how surprised I was to hear the youngsters chaffing him, — I, who had found a temporary salvation in his 'First Principles,' a book which pointed out to me the high-water mark of the human intellect. Mr. Spencer snubs young men, but he is very kind to young women." — *New York Tribune*.

Walford. — Mrs. L. B. Walford, whose full name is Lucy Bettia Walford, is on her father's side a native of Scotland, and from both parents inherits literary tastes. It was with the utmost secrecy and diffidence that her own first efforts were committed to paper, and that simply because the impulse thus

to commit them was too strong to be restrained. Everything she wrote before the age of twenty was, however, burnt or destroyed as soon as written, and that without being shown to any one. It was not until four years after her marriage, in 1869, to Alfred Saunders Walford, that "Mr. Smith," her first serious attempt, was submitted to the eye of criticism. It was sent anonymously to John Blackwood, and by him was accepted and published at once. On learning who was his new correspondent, he further dissuaded Mrs. Walford from adopting a fictitious name, as she had intended doing, the argument he used being that he "was sure her father's daughter would never write anything to be ashamed of, and that that was the only reason he could ever imagine for the concealment of any one's identity." Mr. Blackwood, on the success of "Mr. Smith," urged Mrs. Walford to write for the time-honored pages of "Maga," and the result was a series of short tales, beginning with "Nan: a Summer Scene," which has lately been brought out under this heading in book form. "Pauline," Mrs. Walford's first *Blackwood* serial novel, ran its course in 1877. "Cousins," her third novel, was published by the same firm in 1879. "Troublesome Daughters" followed in 1880. "The Baby's Grandmother" was the *Blackwood* serial in 1885, and "A Stiff-necked Generation" has just completed its course in the same pages, having run during the last year. Many other short sketches, stories, essays, and verses have also been scattered over these years. Mrs. Walford's present home is in Essex, within a short distance of London, Mr. Walford being a member of an old Essex family, and magistrate for that county. He is also the London partner of the eminent firm of paper-makers, Messrs. Wrigley. They have seven children, of whom the eldest is a Winchester schoolboy, and the youngest an infant of a year old. — *The London Queen*.

Wormeley. — Miss Wormeley's work, as the translator of Balzac, has attracted such wide attention, and has won such enthusiastic praise from the most competent judges, that a good share of the honor of this undertaking rightfully belongs to her. She was born in Suffolk, England, July 14, 1832, and now lives in Newport. Her father was Admiral Ralph Randolph Wormeley, of the British Navy, a native of Virginia, who died in 1852, at the age of sixty-seven. He was a grandson, on the mother's side, of John Randolph; and for some time preceding his death he lived in Boston. Miss Wormeley's mother was a niece of Commodore Edward Preble, of the United States Navy. In

the Civil War, Miss Wormeley was at the headquarters of the United States Sanitary Commission with the Army of the Potomac during the Peninsular campaign, taking an active part in relieving the suffering of the wounded; and her letters, and the narrative of her experiences, have just been published by the Massachusetts Commandery of the Loyal Legion, under the title of "The Other Side of War." The title of this book has been wrongly printed many times, much to the annoyance of the author, who sought to indicate by it that the letters, etc., to quote her own words, depicted "the black, the suffering, the *other*, not the glorious, side of war." — *The Book-Buyer*.

LITERARY NEWS AND NOTES.

In his annual report to Congress on the condition of the Congressional Library, Librarian Spofford says that the collection now includes 615,781 volumes, and about 200,000 pamphlets. This shows an increase for the year of 18,824 volumes.

The Critic will have henceforth a fortnightly London letter from the London novelist, Mrs. L. B. Walford.

Harper's Magazine has this hint to literary beginners: "A critic who was asked if imagination were essential to literary success is said to have replied: 'In history and biography, especially autobiography, — yes. In fiction we can dispense with it.'"

Bookmaking 500 years ago was a costly business. The bill for designing and writing a manuscript in 1402 has just come to light. The parchment, the writing, the miniatures, the gold-plated and enamelled silver nails, ink figures, smaller gold-plated nails, a gold-plated silver clasp, sky-blue satin, and binding together cost, according to present value, \$186, the miniatures alone costing \$80.

"Mr. Gladstone," says the *North British Daily Mail*, "usually has three books in reading at the same time, and changes from one to the other, when his mind has reached the limit of absorption. His retentive memory was no doubt born with him, but it has been largely developed by the constant habit of taking pains. When he reads a book he does so pencil in hand, marking off on the margin those passages which he wishes to remember, querying those about which he is in doubt, and putting a cross opposite those which he disputes. At the end of a volume he constructs a kind of index of his own, which enables him to refer to those things he wishes to remember in the book."

"Just the Boy that's Wanted in the Ministry" is the title of an article which Dr. Lyman Abbott has written for the *Youth's Companion*. It is one of a series on the needs of the professions, to which Dr. Austin Flint, General Nelson A. Miles, Judge Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., and Mr. E. L. Godkin will contribute papers on the boys that medicine, the army, the law, and journalism respectively need.

Mrs. Mary Catherine Lee, the author of that charming little book, "A Quaker Girl of Nantucket," lives in Lexington, Mass. She is said to spend a great deal of time on the bleak but delightful island, and knows it well. This is her first novel, her previous literary work consisting merely of a few anonymous sketches published in periodicals.

G. W. Dillingham will publish soon a novel, entitled "A Marriage Below Zero," by "Alan Dale," the pen name of Alfred J. Cohen.

The *New York World* says of Ella Wheeler Wilcox: "Cheerful, shrewd, plain spoken, sprightly, and succinct, she furnishes precisely the pleasant musical truisms that the world enjoys, the reiteration of which it cuts out and carries about in its pocketbook."

Harper's Bazar for March 15 contains a portrait of its late editor, Miss Mary L. Booth, and an obituary notice by Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford.

A new life-size portrait of Dr. Holmes has just been issued by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

The San Francisco free public library now numbers 52,000 volumes. The librarian is the poet, John Vance Cheney.

Colonel Higginson's new volume of poems is to be called "The Afternoon Landscape," a poetical allusion to his declining years. The volume is to be dedicated to "J. R. Lowell, Poet and Fellow Townsman," and will be published both in New York and in London, by Longmans, Green, & Co.

A paper full of curious information and speculation, in the *March Forum*, is by Mr. James Sully, an English writer, on what literature owes to dreams. His theory is that not only such an acknowledged poem as "Kubla Khan" has sprung from dreams, but that there are evidences of dream origin in the "Tempest," parts of Spenser's "Faerie Queen," the "Arabian Nights"; also that such authors as Jules Verne, Lewis Carroll, Anstey, Stevenson, as did Poe and Hoffman, owe the germs of many of the fancies on which their works are reared to dreams.

Colonel T. W. Higginson will take his family to England in May, and spend six months in that country and Scotland, and possibly as long a time on the continent.

Winifred Howells, a daughter of the novelist, died at Merchantville, near Philadelphia, March 2. She was twenty-five years old, and has long been an invalid. She was born in Venice. Mr. Howells' remaining children are a son, now at Harvard, and a daughter in her teens, who is developing much artistic talent.

Many articles of especial interest to literary people are printed in the *North American Review* for March. Ignatius Donnelly reviews Theodore Bacon's biography of Delia Bacon; General L. S. Bryce criticises Professor James Bryce's "American Commonwealth"; George S. Boutwell writes of "Common-Sense and Copyrights"; Dion Boucicault has an article, "At the Goethe Society"; W. J. Henderson discusses the "Decadence of Song"; and Albion W. Tourgee sets forth "The Claim of Realism."

Edward Everett Hale's portrait is the frontispiece of the March *Cosmopolitan*, accompanying a biographical article by Mrs. Bernard Whitman, an intimate friend of Dr. Hale. The *Cosmopolitan* has been improving wonderfully under its new owner's control.

In their spring announcement Scribner & Welford include: "Select Essays of Thomas De Quincey," edited and annotated by Professor David Masson, and "The Story of Carlyle," by A. S. Arnold.

The Putnams will appropriately mark the approaching centennial anniversary by issuing Irving's "Life of Washington" in large quarto, with 130 steel portraits of Revolutionary generals and statesmen, and other attractive features.

Merely a rough pine board, with the name roughly pencilled on it, is the only monument over the grave of John Esten Cooke, the Southern author. The grave is in the churchyard of the old Episcopal Chapel, near Berryville, Va.

The *Political Science Quarterly* for March opens with a striking article by H. L. Osgood, upon "Scientific Anarchism," reviewing the theories of Proudhon, and showing the aims of American Anarchists. Professor Woodrow Wilson analyzes and criticises Bryce's "American Commonwealth." The June number will contain an article by Professor Sloane, of Princeton, editor of the *New Princeton Review*, and will continue and bring down to May 1 the Record of Events heretofore published in the *New Princeton Review*.

Roberts Brothers, of Boston, publish "A Whisper in the Dark," a short story by the late Louisa M. Alcott, which has not heretofore been made public. In the same volume will be printed "A Modern Mephistopheles," one of the successful "No Name" novels, which has not been heretofore issued under Miss Alcott's name.

A "Guide to Books Relating to Heraldry and Genealogy," which George Gatfield, of the British Museum, has undertaken, will contain upward of 13,000 titles.

Lockwood & Coombes have nearly ready "The Brotherhood of Letters," by J. Rogers Rees, the author of "The Pleasures of a Bookworm." It comprises chapters on notable meetings of literary men.

James Whitcomb Riley is reported as saying: "I am sick and tired of writing dialect. I can write better verse than I ever wrote in jargon, and I mean to do it."

The first of four volumes of the works of Rowland G. Hazard, published by Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., contains his "Essay on Language," and other papers.

Maurice Thompson has resigned his position as State geologist of Indiana, on account of ill health, and left Crawfordsville for Bay St. Louis, Mo., to try a warmer climate as a curative agent.

The necessary amount of sleep to rest the brain of the active literary man varies in number of hours with our best-known authors, writes William J. Bok. George Bancroft believes seven hours' sleep is absolutely necessary. Dr. Holmes places the figure at eight, as does Mr. Lowell. To a young man six hours is plenty in the opinion of the poet Whittier, while older persons should have eight and nine. Edward Everett Hale is a believer in the seven-hour limit, as is George W. Cable. "I want but five hours, and I feel refreshed," says Robert Louis Stevenson, although the author of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" believes himself an exception to the rule. "Eight hours in winter, seven in summer," John Burroughs. Mr. Howells and Mr. Stedman both are champions of eight hours' sleep. Mrs. Burnett finds six hours plenty to rest the mind, while Mary Mapes Dodge finds eight necessary. Marion Harland generally indulges in seven hours. Ella Wheeler Wilcox requires eight to feel thoroughly refreshed. Taking the average from these statements, seven hours' sleep is the necessity of the author, although everything of course depends upon the person.

Ticknor & Company's March books are: "Dragon's Teeth," translated from the Portuguese of Eça de Queiros, by Mrs. Mary J. Serrano; "Forced Acquaintances," by Edith Robinson; and "Under Green Apple Boughs," by Helen Campbell. The last two are in Ticknor's Paper Series.

The Fellowcraft Club, of New York, has elected James Russell Lowell to honorary membership. The club is to join in the coming centennial celebration of Washington's inauguration, by making, at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, an exhibition of copies of as many newspapers published in 1789 as can be obtained, and of the photographs of editors and newspaper writers of that day.

At an "authors' reading" in Boston, March 7, in aid of the International Copyright Association, Dr. Holmes, S. L. Clemens, Charles Dudley Warner, Julia Ward Howe, Richard Malcolm Johnston, F. Hopkinton Smith, John Boyle O'Reilly, George W. Cable, and T. W. Higginson appeared. The proceeds of the entertainment are about \$2,000.

Professor Huxley has written a racy reply to certain criticisms of agnosticism made at the Church Congress of 1888, and to a recent deliverance by Frederic Harrison, who attempts to prophesy on this subject. The article contains an account of how the name agnostic originated, and explains why agnosticism, as Professor Huxley conceives it, cannot have a creed. It will be published in the April *Popular Science Monthly*.

Up to January 8, Rider Haggard had received £1,346 for his "King Solomon's Mines."

The Scribners report that Mrs. Burnett's "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "Sara Crewe" have reached a combined sale of over 125,000 copies. They have just printed an edition of the latter in raised letters for the blind.

The American Magazine is practically dead, for there are claims against it amounting to over \$8,000, and its only assets are some back numbers of the magazine, some old cuts, some office furniture, and the copyrighted name. Among the creditors are several contributors. An effort is being made to revive it, but its success is problematical. The magazine was first published in September, 1887, by E. T. Brush & Co. After a few months it was sold to the American Magazine Company, and was subsequently leased to the American Magazine Publishing Company, at the head of which was William B. Hazen. Last spring A. E. and A. M. Davis took hold of it, and it is still on their hands. It is said that Colonel W. T. Ropes, of the Singer Sewing Machine Company, will continue the publication.

William Black began in the number of *Harper's Bazar* issued March 1 a new novelette, entitled "A Snow Idyl." The story describes the experience of a party of English people in the Highlands.

An appreciative life of Dickens has just been published in France, the author being a M. du Pontavice de Heussey. He says England owes a good deal of the moral progress she has made in all directions within the last half century to Dickens.

Lee & Shepard, Boston, have in press Samuel Adams Drake's "Decisive Events in American History, Burgoyne's Invasion of 1777, with an outline sketch of the American Invasion of Canada, 1775-6."

"Every-day Business: Notes on its Practical Details," by M. S. Emery, will be published soon by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

The Magazine of Western History has moved its business offices to 32 Cortlandt street, New York, the editorial rooms remaining at 145 St. Clair street, Cleveland.

The *Secolo*, a Milan newspaper, is publishing the Bible in 210 half-penny parts of eight pages each with 900 wood-cuts.

Miss Frances E. Willard's autobiography will be published in April, under the title, "Fifty Fortunate Years."

The chief attraction of the March number of *The Art Amateur* is a superb colored plate of Jacqueminot roses. There is also a charming colored design of maiden-hair fern for tea-service decoration. The articles of practical value are in unusual profusion.

Frank Leslie's *Illustrated Newspaper* has been purchased by J. W. Arkell, of *Judge*.

An article on American humorists, illustrated with portraits, is in preparation for *Harper's Magazine*.

George Alfred Townsend has been confined to his bed for some weeks with an attack of gout. During his confinement he has almost finished the novel he started last spring, dictating to stenographers.

Mrs. James T. Fields has prepared another paper from out the Fields store of books, letters, and memoranda, this time dealing with the famous men who composed the Edinborough group. It is fully illustrated with fac-similes, and abounds in personal reminiscences. It is to be published in the April number of *Scribner's Magazine*, under the title, "A Second Shelf of Old Books."